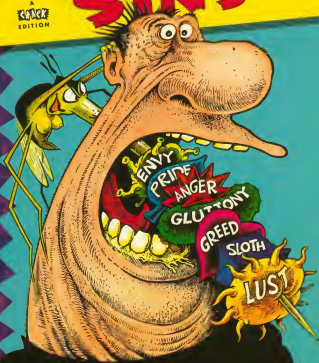


# SEVEN DEADLY SINS

A  
CANCER  
EDITION







**Seven Deadly Sins**

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# SEVEN DEADLY SINS



## PRIDE

ROZ KAVENEY and GRAHAM HIGGINS

## ENVY

TYM MANLEY and HUNT EMERSON

## SLOTH

NEL GAIMAN and BRYAN TALBOT

## GLUTTONY

DAVE GIBBONS and LEW STRINGER

## GREED

MARK RODGERS and STEVE GIBSON

## ANGER

DAVY FRANCIS and JEREMY BATES

## LUST

ALAN MOORE and MIKE MATTHEWS

KNOCKABOUT





# PRIDE

ROZ KAVENEY and GRAHAM HIGGINS

# PRIDE

A CLASSIC STRIP by GRAHAM HIGGINS ©1989

featuring AN EXQUISITE COMMENTARY by ROZ KAVENY

THOUGH WHY WE WASTE OUR COMBINED EDITION ON THE LIVES OF YOU WE DON'T KNOW

HOW PRECISE A WALKING CATALOGUE  
OF MISERY, UNQUALIFIED UNEMPLOYED  
AND WELSH

HIS SATURDAY NIGHT COMPRISES TWELVE  
PINTS OF LAGER, A LOUD LEER AT THE  
PUB ENTERTAINMENT - BALL PROSSER  
AT THE OCEAN ACCOMPANYING DOLLY  
WALDO'S DANCE OF THE SEVEN THERMAL  
UNDERGARMENTS - AN INFORMAL  
BRAWL, AND



There was once a poor fisherman,  
unhappy with his lot...

THE END OF THE WORLD

Of course, in the versions you will all know, this  
wonderful lecture on the perils of ambition ends  
up becoming a lot of misogynist nonsense. We,  
especially since I patently explained the politics to  
Higgins, are above all that. This is not the shop to  
which you come for *The Story of the Fisherman  
and his Wife*, but a superior, purer version.

Note how, in Mr Higgins's elegant rendition,  
the play of light and shade captures the rancid  
crunch of aged butter.

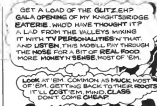


He caught a fish, and the fish was a magic fish, and in his hands it spoke to him, and it said 'Let me go, and I will give you your heart's desire.'



Ours is not a time for magic fish that speak: note the rare brilliance with which Air Higgins and I have reduced the outmoded idea of magic to a mere soupcon, a food additive, if you like.





And when he had his heart's desire, he was happy for a while, and then it seemed a slight thing to him. He went out again, and again he held the fish in his hands, and it said to him . . .



Here we see Higgins insisting on adding a lot of oh-so-piquant contemporary references, a veritable charvan or charabanc of caricatures, to what I had intended as a subtly stank bodge passage to the excellences to come



SIGNOR PREECE THE FILM CREW ARE HERE



TELL'EM TO WAIT, VENESSA. I'M BUSY.

GET RICH IF EVERYONE WANTS TO KNOW YOU "WHAT'S THE SECRET, MISTER PREECE?" "BLADDY PEECE!" NO REASON WHY ANYONE SHOULDN'T GOODE THEIR BACKSIDES AN MAKE THEIR FAKEN HAD.

GOOD BUT THOUGH I STRESS

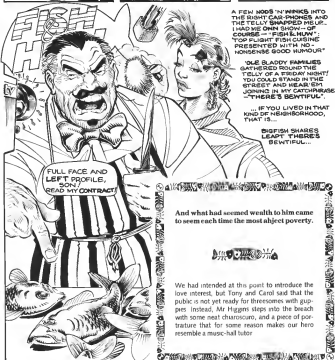


And even more quickly riches became stale to him. And this time the fish came to his hand without even a net and ...



Note how we extend the fish metaphor even in the dialogue and in the process revivify delicately the cliché of 'small fry'. In the tank, Mr Haggins indulges himself with a somewhat pique symbol for market capitalism, presumably the lurking tentacle is a symbol for inflation, or something







And even wealth came to seem paltry to him. And he said to the fish, 'Place me on high that I might be ruler of all I survey.'



Mr Higgins, who fancies himself as an intellectual, here gives us a complex metaphor that makes a word play on the word 'high' and on the intoxication of power. Kids, don't try to do this trick in the home, with or without a responsible adult, faced with a politician, JUST SAY NO.





In the Middle Ages, and in stories, you can't get away with that sort of thing, and the fish puts him back in Square, or rather Frame, One. Nowadays, wanting to be God is considered rather a modest aspiration; Mr Higgins and I are far more ambitious than that. Higgins of course insists on a neat ending, instead of the dying fall I planned, on a little rosemary salt and vinegar for a character, who, as it were, has had his chips.



THE UNIVERSE  
IS TRULY  
A PARAGON  
OF ELEGANT  
INVENTIVENESS.  
AMEN.



BUT IN THE  
LAST DAYS  
HE MUST START  
TO THINK...



BIG!



A. HMM! A LITTLE  
ARCHLY SYMBOLIC  
AS DEI EX MACHINA GO.  
AND WHAT PRAY  
IS THE MORAL?

NEVER WORK  
WITH  
CHILDREN  
OR  
DUMB ANIMALS.  
TINKYD!



# ENVY

TYM MANLEY and HUNT EMERSON

...BROOD FILMING CAMP STAR  
 ROCK JAMPTON TAKES HIS  
 ANNUAL BATH IN VEGGIES!  
 ALSO: PLOTTING TO KIDNAP: EUGENE,  
 FIVE SEVEN FIFTING, FOR  
 WHICH HE WILL DEPOSITLY  
 SKEWER A TEN-POUNCE TUN  
 OF TWO MILLION POUNDS...



...THE BILLION DOLLAR PRIZE! THE HOUSE  
 WILL COLLECT THE PRIZE-MONEY, TOWERS AND  
 MAGNOLIA WERE AFTER. TOWERS FILMING,  
 ALSO: PLOTTING TO KIDNAP: EUGENE,  
 FIVE SEVEN FIFTING, FOR  
 WHICH HE WILL DEPOSITLY  
 SKEWER A TEN-POUNCE TUN  
 OF TWO MILLION POUNDS...



IS YOUR CAMPING GUY?  
 YES, BUT THE 3 DUMB!  
 YES, A DUMB LIVING CAMPING GUY IN  
 ONE DUMB (BINGO) HANGOUT! KIDNAP!  
 (BINGO) HANGOUT! KIDNAP! (BINGO) HANGOUT!  
**MONEY! SEX! POWER! WEALTH!**  
**SEX! MORE MONEY! SEX!**  
**YOU WANT IT??**  
 ENJOY THE ENTIRETY THAT HAVE GOT IT!  
 LAF! IT'S EVERYTHING IN YOUR DUMB  
 GARDEN! BINGO!!



# ENVY

HUNT EMERSON  
 and  
 TYM MANLEY.

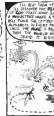




















# SLOTH

NEIL GAIMAN and BRYAN TALBOT



WRITTEN BY  
NEIL GAIMAN

DRAWN BY  
BRYAN TALBOT

Saturday, January 1st,  
2000 AD. 3.45 PM.

THIS IS THE PLACE,  
BROTHERS AND SISTERS!

AT LAST, OUR PILGRIMAGE  
IS COME TO AN END

ABOUT BLOODY TIME!

WELL, OH LEADER,  
WE SAVED UP SOME

Quiet  
Please  
DO NOT  
DISTURB

I HARDLY THINK IT APPLIES TO US,  
BROTHER SLUMBERING GALLIUM

BING  
BONG

HELLOO - GOOD?  
ANYBODY INS-DOOPE?





WE ARE THE FAMED SAVING FLOODES OF HOME. COME TO  
HEAR YOUR WORD, ON PROPHECY. I AM BROTHER TUDOR.  
THIS IS SISTER SLACK, AND THAT A BACHME SLUBBERGULLER.



AND I'M NOT THE PROPHECY. I  
AM BUT A PALE ACQUYTE.

THE PROPHECY HIMSELF IS BRATING  
HOLY TUNE UP BEFORE LUNCH.



COME, THEN. LET US WAKE HIM.  
BROTHER TUDOR, SISTER SLACK AND  
BROTHER WITH A BLASTY CRAP NAME.

IT'S SLUBBERGULLER.  
I DON'T REMEMBER FROM IT.



ALRIGHT, GREAT PROPHECY. FOR AFTERNOON  
RUSH COME INTO THE WORLD ON THIS. THE  
FIRST DAY OF THE NEWFILLELLENTY AND A  
BLUNCH OF PROPHETS ARE HERE TO DRINK  
YOUR WISDOM.

SOD OFF. CAN'T YOU SEE I'M  
ASLEEP, YOU USELESS LUNCKHEAD?



DADDY HELL. ALL RIGHT  
HARD TO GET UP EVENTUALLY.

YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW  
IT ALL HAPPENED. I SUPPOSE.



WELL, I HAD Hired ONE PROPHECY,  
AND SUDDENLY I RECEIVED A VISION.  
SUDDENLY THREE GREAT MYSTERIES  
WERE REVEALED TO ME.

TELL US ALL THREE OF  
THEM, GREAT PROPHECY.



And indeed it was. 11:00 Sunday night and I was up most of the night creating the images and the words and almost all of the scenes that had formed, not to mention the music and then I'd started the work from the darkness because had forgotten about that, and so, it was all ready for Monday morning



And I'd worked it up



And God looked upon it and saw that it was all right, considering it was a bit of a mess, but And it was 1:00 on the eighth day

AND GOD SAID, LET I AM UNCHAINED, AND TOOK THE FIRM OFF



ON A WONDERFUL QUALITY

HOT GOD WANTS MORE THE OBJECT TWO SMALL TEST



WELL THE SECOND CONCERN THE COMMANDMENTS

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

WELL THAT WAS LAST MY FRIEND WAS ABOUT YOU SEE



WELL THAT WAS LAST MY FRIEND WAS ABOUT YOU SEE

WELL THAT WAS LAST MY FRIEND WAS ABOUT YOU SEE



Next - Go to the Pub - Organ

Page 6 panel 3  
A STREET HAD AND C  
TOWARD LITTLE HONOUR  
WOMAN THE M  
Panel 4

THE THIRD REVELATION IN MY VISION CONCERNED THE PALLADIUM

AND EARLY THOUSAND YEARS THERE WAS TO BE A GREAT OUTCRY AND A PRISING OF PRAYERS, AND LIKE AN EARTH CLOUD IT WOULD DARKEN HIM, AND THE LORD WOULD RAISE HIM AGAIN THE UNIVERSE

AND IT WOULD BE THE LAST THOUSAND YEARS

AND HE WOULD BE AT THE PALLADIUM AND THERE WOULD BE A GREAT OUTCRY

THE PALLADIUM WHEN THE LORD WOULD THE PALLADIUM HE WOULD BE UP AND SET IT DOWN

WHEW! A GEE, BUT WE'VE FOUND OUT SOMETHING ABOUT THE LORD

**WHIRRTHONNNNNK  
WHRONK**

WHAT ARE THEY?

ON WELL, I DON'T KNOW THE END OF THE LINE

WHEW, COULDN'T BE LIKE SOMETHING ELSE, COULDN'T BE

Dear Tony & Carol  
Don't worry - I know we're running a bit late on this and that it's holding up publication, but you know how it goes. I had stuff to finish and Neil took bloody ages actually getting down to doing the script.  
It's a bit rough now, but I'll get the whole thing finished off before it goes to the printers, no worries.  
Promise. Love Bryan

P.S. When do we get paid?



# GLUTTONY

DAVE GIBBONS and LEW STRINGER



DO-BOODIN' P I COULD TELL YOU SOME STORIES ABOUT SO-CALLED DO-BOODIN' FRANCHISES. TAKE THE 18TH ANNUALITY TO THE COUNTY-ATION STAGE HERE. WATER STAYS. NAH, THAT WAS A PLOTTED TO DO GOOD WHEN THEY MADE IT LAW. BACK IN 1920, MOST POLICE WERE IT AS PROHIBITION...



IT FORBID THE MAKIN' AND SELLIN' OF SNUFF, THUS SAVING THE GREAT AMERICAN PUBLIC FROM THE EFFECTS OF DEMON DRINKS.

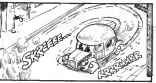
LEASTWISE, THAT WAS THE IDEA THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES HAD, WHEN THEY FORCED THE LAW THROUGH CONGRESS.

REALITY WAS THAT CRIMINALS COULDN'T GET A KING-SIZE OPPORTUNITY FOR EXPANSION HADDED TO IT ON A PLATE.

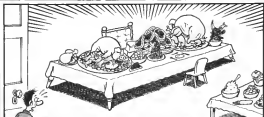
THE HERE'S A STORY 'BOUT DO-BOODIN' IS THEN PROHIBITION 1920. IT CONCERNS CRIME AND PUNISHMENT. A SMALL-TOWN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND A NIGHTLY UNFEMININE MAN, ALPHONSE GUTTONE, BETTER MAKE AROUND THESE PARTS AS...



# THE GLUT!















WHY IS THAT THE PROBLEM WITH DO-GOODING? IT'S SO HARD TO BE SURE JUST WHO'S GOOD AND WHO'S BAD, IN THE LONG RUN. IN CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES, YOU MIGHT EVEN TURN A BLIND EYE TO MURDER!



ANYWAY, PROHIBITION GOT REPEALED IN THE END, AND THE CITIZENS OF THE U.S. WERE ABLE TO BUY LIQUOR FROM THE FOREIGN ALIENS, WHICH MADE EVERYONE HAPPY. 'CEPT THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES, THAT IS.

AS, OF COURSE, THE MADDERS, BUT THEY SOON FOUND OTHER IDEALISTS WHO WANTED SATELITES! AND, WITH THE LESSONS THEY'D LEARNED, STARTED OFFERING CUSTOMERS EVEN ROOMIER AND MORE 'EM ON EVEN DECADES STAY!

YEA, DRINKS GOT EVEN MORE HOT-TOBACCO! SHARE THESE IDEAS AND TOMORROW'S PUBLIC'S GOT USED TO LOOKING THE OTHER WAY, AS FOR DO-GOODING, WELL, THE FIRST SORTS STAYED POPULAR BUT, LIKE ALWAYS, THE REAL THING HAD MORE OR LESS VANISHED.

OH, LOOK, JAMES, HERE HE COMES AGAIN!  
The Madder



SOME THOUGHT, BY LUCKY! BEHOLD! HERE HE'S APPEARED. AND YES, IT'S ALL FOR APPEARANCE SAKE! BUT HE HAD A REAL CRASH IN THE WORLD.

THAT'S WHY WE SHOULD CLOSE THE CASE TOO MANY SUSPECTS

HE TOOK A BIT OF MYSELF TOO AND BARRELED OFF PERSON IN 'EM TO STOP AND ARREST!



JUST LIKE HIM, ALWAYS HAS TO HAVE A BATH-TUB FULL WHEN A CUPFUL WOULD DO JUST ANY GROUND GALT

SO WHO'D HE THOUGHT HE WOULD BE IN "EVERYTHING," THAT'S ALL IT WAS "EVERYTHING"

THAT HE HAD A LOT OF SECRETS

HE HAD TO BE LINKED TO MAKE EVERYTHING HE WAS BEING CONSIDERED IN THIS SITUATION, INSTEAD OF IN DEBT AND DEATH

TOP GUN, THE GLUT-1 NEVER KNEW WHEN HE'D HAD ENOUGH



...OR WHEN PEOPLE HAD HAD ENOUGH OF HIM?



AND STRONGER... BY

THE END





# GREED

MARK RODGERS and STEVE GIBSON



I KNOW I'LL KILL HER...

NYTS 5500

LET'S SEE - LYCANTHROPES  
MILKED TWO PARTS  
MILKAGE. AND THEN MURDER  
AND THE SCIENCE!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER

"THE HUNTERMAN  
CONFESSIONS  
WAS ONE OF THE FIRST!"

BELLO, IN THE PRICES!  
CONFESSIONS!  
DO YOU SEE?

Yes! Yes!  
Come  
to the  
MURDER!

HERE IT IS! - BUT DON'T  
BE FRAUD! - JUSTICE  
AND CRIME CRIMINAL I  
WILL, AND BE A GREAT  
ADDRESS!

DEE  
& A

NO  
IT'S A MURDER  
MURDER!

NO ONE FOR  
ANY OF THEM  
TO BE THE  
MURDER!

ON  
YOU!

ZAP

AAAAAAAGH!



**Right!** The device  
accurately simulated  
**Spawning conditions!**  
So I could save the  
species and the  
planet!  
**Cheers!**

AND IT WON'T  
LAST FOR A  
MOMENT!

But  
there's  
more  
too!



**That night... in the Colosseum...**  
**HOW TO  
BUMP OFF  
MANSY**

I've taken the  
opportunity the night off!  
So an absurd situation  
I'll overcome myself as  
a "preparatory alien  
light show!"



**Wah!**  
No-one  
will recognize  
me now...!!



Goodnight  
Mansy  
Mansy!

Goodnight  
Mansy  
Mansy!



Now for a  
preparatory  
light show...  
**GUTTAH!**



**ERR**... THE BULL'S  
BLIND AND I'M  
TOO STRAY FROM  
THE... IN THE  
HOUSE!

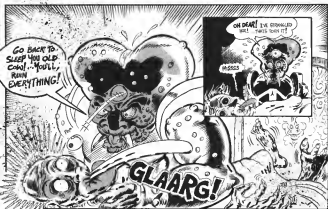
**YARG!**



**OH NO...!**  
SHE'S WAKING  
UP!!!

Goodnight  
Mansy  
Mansy!

Goodnight  
Mansy  
Mansy!







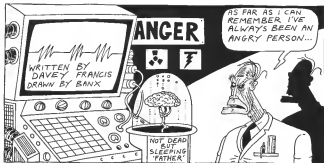






# ANGER

DAVY FRANCIS and JEREMY BATES





... AND I LEFT AFTER  
A DIFFERENCE  
OF OPINIONS ...



SOON AFTER, I ENTERED THE HELL -  
BLAZING WORLD OF ACCOUNTANCY...



A WORLD I FOUND TO BE  
TOTALLY FRUSTRATING



FROM MORNING...



... 'TIL NIGHT



DURING MY FREE TIME I BECAME A VIRTUAL RECLUSE. I WAS  
NEVER ASKED TO ANY OF MY NEIGHBOUR'S PARTIES...





AND WHEN I EVENTUALLY GOT TO MY DESTINATION, IT WAS EVEN WORSE...



EVEN SIMPLE THINGS MADE ME ANGRY - LIKE SHOPPING...



OR GOING TO THE BANK...



FINALLY, I RETIRED FROM MY "LIFE" IN ACCOUNTING...





NOW I'VE CREATED THE  
ULTIMATE REVENGE MACHINE  
"THE COSMIC VAPORIZER".  
WITH THIS, I'LL BE RID OF  
ALL MY NEIGHBOURS, EX-  
COLLEAGUES, EX-SCHOOLMATES,  
EX-BOSSSES, EVERYONE.  
AND THEN I WON'T BE  
ANGRY ANYMORE.  
EVER.







# LUST

ALAN MOORE and MIKE MATTHEWS



I SUPPOSE IT WAS INEVITABLE WE'D RUN INTO EACH OTHER SOONER OR LATER...

THE NUMBER OF WOUNDS SUFFERED FROM ACCIDENTS WAS SO HIGH THAT THE RED CROSS HAD TO BE CALLED IN TO TEND TO THE WOUNDED.

IT'S A SMALL WORLD, AND WE ALWAYS TENDED TO SHOW AN INTEREST IN THE SAME PLACES.

ON THE OCCASION IN QUESTION, I MANEUVERED MYSELF INTO A POSITION WHERE I COULD BRUSH UP AGAINST HER INSTANT REAR...

I WAS AS DISCREET AS POSSIBLE, BUT WHEN SHE FELT THE INSTANT PRESSURE AGAINST HER FLANKS, SHE KNEW AT ONCE WHO WAS BEHIND IT... I

I COULD TELL THAT THE SIZE OF MY EQUIPMENT IMPRESSED HER. I

WE EXCHANGED A FEW HEATED, PASSIONATE WORDS

I DON'T REMEMBER EXACTLY WHAT WAS SAID... BUT BY NOW EVERYONE HAD MOVED FROM ME WE'RE CARRYING ON...

SO WE DECIDED TO CONTINUE THE ACTION BACK AT HER PLACE!



**I** SOONER DID I GET THERE THAN SHE  
TOOK OFF ALL THE WRAPS AND SHOWED  
ME **EVERYTHING** SHE'D GOT...!

**S**HE WAS EVEN MORE  
WELL-DEVELOPED THAN I'D  
ANTICIPATED...



**S**TRAIGHT AWAY, I WENT  
TO WORK ON HER  
WITH MY MOUTH...  
POUNING MYSELF INTO  
A FRENZY AS I  
DID TO...!

**I** BROKE HER WILD!  
AS I KNEW  
I WOULD...!



**S**HE MANIPULATED, USING HER TONGUE AS  
CLEVERLY AS SHE COULD. ALL THE WHILE  
THRUSTING HER ORGASM INTO MY FACE...!



**W**HEN WE WERE  
RANT ON THE  
BARGE AND  
APPROACHING  
THE POINT OF  
NO RETURN...  
WE  
WITHDREW...  
SO AS TO  
DELAY THE  
INEVITABLE...

...BUT BOTH  
OF US WERE  
STILL PANTING  
AND **READY**  
FOR MORE...!



**A**S NO TO THINK! EVERYONE HAD SAID THAT SHE WAS **COLD**...!



SINCE WE WERE BOTH FAIRLY SOPHISTICATED, I DECIDED TO SHOW HER SOME OF THE FANCIER TRICKS IN MY REPERTOIRE...

FIRST, I TIED UP HER ARMS...

THEN, BEARING UP ABOVE, I MOVED IN LOW, UNTIL SHE WAS CONVINCED THAT I WAS ABOUT TO COME OVER HER FROM FRONT...

KEEPING HIGH IN SUSPENSE, I HERSELF TIGHTENED MY GRIP UPON HER VULNERABLE KILLS.

THE INSTRUMENT I USE IN SUCH SITUATIONS WAS BIG AND HARD AND READY TO ENGAGE!

I -> HEAD WAS PURPLE AND ENGORGED WITH BLOOD!

STILL... I HELD BACK... I'D ANTICIPATED THIS MOMENT FOR YEARS... AND DIDN'T WANT IT TO ALL BE OVER IN A FLASH!

Not JUST YET...

BUT NOW, MOMENT, EXCITED BY MY ATTENTIONS, SHE UNDED ME ON TO NEW PLATFORMS OF EXCESS!

I WAS LIVE, FOR EXAMPLE, AND FIRST DECIDED UPON GETTING THE NEIGHBOURS TO JOIN IN!



**WE** WERE  
RELUCTANT... AT FIRST...  
BUT WHEN WE APPLIED PRESSURE  
TO ALL THOSE MOST SENSITIVE  
JERKS THEY BECAME ONLY  
TOO WILLING TO  
COMPLY!

THINGS THEY'D KEEP  
BOTTLED UP IN SECRET  
CAME SPILLING  
OUT!

THE CROSSING  
ONLY THEY DID  
THINGS TO EACH OTHER  
THEY'D ALWAYS WANTED  
TO, BUT NEVER  
DARED  
SUGGEST!



ONE FEMALE AGENT  
I'D INVITED TO TAKE PART  
PROVED TO BE THE  
OBJECT OF MY DESIRES WITH  
CERTAIN DEVICES, IF I'D  
PIN HER DOWN WHILE  
SHE DID IT TO HER...

THE  
IDEA  
WAS  
TEMPTING...  
BUT I HAD  
MORE LURID  
PLANS...



IN THE TIME THAT FOLLOWED WAS A BLUR OF FEVERISH ACTIVITY!  
I PRESSED INTO 'SHE WHO OBSESSED ME' FROM THE FRONT  
WHILE ANOTHER TRIED TO ENTER HER FROM THE REAR...

BUT WE SPENT  
TOO MUCH...



MORE THAN  
ONCE,  
I FELT AN  
INTRUSION  
AT MY OWN  
'BACK DOOR'  
THAT ONLY  
SPURRED  
ME ON...!

EVENTUALLY...  
THE OTHERS  
FELL AWAY,  
UTTERLY  
DRAINED...  
TILL  
ONLY SHE AND  
I WERE  
LEFT.

**ALREADY** PENETRATED IN EVERY CONCEIVABLE WAY, SHE WAS WIDE OPEN...!  
I PREPARED TO MAKE MY FINAL ASSAULT...



**ALMOST** IMMEDIATELY, AS IT'S FOREMOST TIP, A LITTLE MOISTURE WAS PRODUCED...!

**A** LONG, INSISTENT COLUMN OF FLESH PUSHES INTO HER

**POW!**  
**KAROWA FOK!**

**USED ON** MY TISS, MY MOVEMENTS CAME FASTER AND MORE FLURDILY AS I PLUNGED INTO HER INTERIOR...!



**THEY** WERE ALL DEAD...!  
THEY WERE ALL DEAD...!  
THEY WERE ALL DEAD...!

**WHILE** SHE, RESPONDING, EXERCISED HER MUSCLE TO PUT AS MUCH OF A SQUEEZE UPON ME AS POSSIBLE...!



**OUR** ACTIVITIES WERE LUBRICATED WITH THE SLICKNESS OF BOTH HER JUICES NOW



**TWO PIST BUTTONS STOOD UP STIFF AND ERECT.**  
EAGER THAT WERE THE HONEST FINGERTIP TO  
BRUSH THEM, SHE WOULD BE DRIVEN TO A  
**CLIMAX** THAT WOULD,  
IN TURN, PRECIPITATE  
MY OWN...

**THE MOMENT HOARED...**  
MY PERTINENT EQUIPMENT  
ROSE UP TO THE PROPER  
ANGLE OF COMPLETE  
ERECTION...

**FINALLY**  
I COULD CONTAIN  
MYSELF NO  
LONGER...

**I**  
SHOT MY  
FULL LOAD  
INTO HER:

JUST AS SHE BESTOWED  
HER BENEVOLENT  
BOONTY UPON  
ME!

IT'S ADMITS SO MUCH  
BETTER IF YOU  
MARRAGE IT  
TOGETHER...

**WITH SMILES AND**  
HOWLS WE SPENT  
OURSELVES...

AND  
THE  
EARTH  
MOTED





Afterwards

For a long  
long  
time...

We just lay there  
silently...

Spoke of him...

...dreamed...

# KNOCKABOUT

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